Lara Croft: The Curse of Akna

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By Jackal Entente

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Smashwords Edition

An individual in a teal and white bulky parka toils through the foot-high snow in mid-January, 2020. At this time of the year, the forecast was at a nice, toasty negative twenty-five degrees. Seeing as the young woman was at the northernmost point of Alaska, it wasn't much of a source of amazement. The journey here had an equal amount of misery. Two hundred miles from here was the Iñupiat community of Utqiagvik. They are an indigenous ethnic group of the Inuit, who had been living here for over fifteen hundred years. However, Lara Croft's hunt was related to a history that dated back to the year of 1350. The

brown-haired beauty, at long last, reached her destination. The archaeologist removed the black-rimmed goggles and looked up at the temple situated at the summit of a mountain. The nearly seven hundred-year-old architecture was a marvel from the simple Arctic dwellers. In the center of this grand structure was an arch that stood the test of time, two hundred feet high to the overcast skies. It appeared as one of the lavish buildings you would see in the Vatican, with large, broken panes and long columns that held up the two wings of the premises. She wasn't focused on that. Her cocoa brown eyes were drinking in the mainly intact, big pregnant statue of Akna.

"Heavenly..." she said, awed by its craftmanship. The boldface of the goddess had her enamored. She had wild black hair flowing down a little past her shoulders and tucked behind ears that each had a coral shell piercing. The lengthy forehead was painted with an inverted triangle marking with three lines drawn through the middle of it. The same markings were on her cheeks and chin, all pointing to the middle of her gorgeous face. Her squinty eyes made her look fierce with trimmed, high-placed eyebrows with a sizeable nose and full-lipped mouth. Her eyes trailed down to her bodacious breasts, naked and ripe with milk for the significant amount of children inside her very large belly. It dominated her six-foot-tall frame. The bulge was so big it was stirring her loins, further awakening the fetish she had for it. The two and a half foot wide sphere jutted about sixteen inches from her hourglass figure. Lara didn't have to look at the back of it to know how broad her hips were. She had seen a couple of artist's rendering of the sculpture and it was the trigger for her going on this potentially perilous expedition. After stopping the Mayan apocalypse in 2018, she decided to take a break from protecting the world's mysteries and made her way to this cold country after a stint at Croft Manor.

Jonah Maiava suggested it after she helped Etzli rebuild Paititi. It took eighteen months and following the tiring effort, she agreed with her friend's recommendation. Summer lasted from November to May in Central America, so she wanted to relax in a colder climate. That proved to be an overstep in the right direction, but she didn't care. She was in Siberia before traveling to the lost Incan city, so the temperature wasn't that much different. Nonetheless, this snowstorm was making it a bit rough. She paced towards the entrance, making sure to briefly touch the stone abdomen before going into the sanctuary. From her usual extensive research, she didn't expect this place to have the usual intricate puzzles or antagonistic organizations guarding it. This place hadn't been touched since the Little Ice Age came about. Although the natives were able to continue their whaling pursuits, there was still a noticeable decline. This meant their natural resources were low and thus forced most of the population to travel

south. Those who stayed behind thought it wouldn't last long and chose to tough it out. As the years went on, it became apparent this freeze wasn't going to subside anytime soon. In their hopelessness, they turned to their shamanistic religion.

"So stuffy. ...Already?" she complained, removing her hood and untying the first knot of her handmade coat. She had only walked about twenty feet into the place of worship when she felt uncommonly warm. Come to think of it, she did notice the flurries were barely accumulating on the surface of the edifice. A sense of dread came over her as she remembered the inflexible warnings from the people of Utqiagvik. They were adamant about not talking about it at all. There was a dark story that made them frightful of it returning. She had to consult a local drunk, who was happy to divulge the tale on the condition she purchased him cases of the drink he loved to partake of. Inuits didn't produce alcohol or drink that much for that matter, so she had to go all the way to Fairbanks to procure it. When she arrived with it in tow, the old dipsomaniac gladly dished out the information. To start with, the above-mentioned LIA made several bands of families looked to their deities for guidance. There wasn't a strict direction of worshipping with their beliefs, seeing as it wasn't a typically organized doctrine. At first, they tried to commune with the "tuurngaits", which were spirits that were never affixed to physical bodies. As with anything, some were good...and some are bad.

"*Ca-nak...*" a ghostly presence said. It was frightening, her head turning to the orientation it came from. Her hand had unclipped the holster that contained the AB .45 "Altarboy" pistol, thumb on the hammer. She waited for some seconds, eyes calmly assessing her surroundings. The hall was expectedly empty of any furnishings, just the ancient carvings, and ornate fixtures. There was one entrance to her left, the other sealed for unknown purposes. She was in a remote part of the western region of the Brooks Range, so there shouldn't be a soul for miles. The closest civilization was the Red Dog mine and that was sixty miles from here. She was careful to make sure no one followed her and there weren't any signs of someone residing here. She took her hand off the firearm and started to untie the string of the jacket, feeling the heat increasing. Lara was a little sweaty when she got it off, fanning herself with the collar of her long-sleeved black pullover. She folded the fur and put it in her backpack, taking a drink from her canteen before closing it. The pistol was taken out of its holster and she activated the flashlight accessory on the bottom of the barrel. Cocking the hammer and releasing the safety, she proceeded carefully down the dark corridor.

"*It was unheard of. The goddess herself spoke to them.*" the drunkard told. He was speaking of Akna, which translated to "Mother" and was the

deity of fertility and childbirth. According to him, one of the shamans communed with her and promised them a way to survive the harsh period. In exchange for constructing this shrine, she would help them cure their afflictions and find wildlife to feed their starving populace. The "angakkuq" who led this endeavor was called Amaruq and was considered an upstanding man, so they trusted his instructions. "*Anax...qida...*" the words faintly called out. She responded by pulling the slide back, jacking a round into the chamber and pointed the weapon down the hallway, taking each step with calculated attentiveness. The end of it was in view and she stopped, getting on one knee and reached to her utility belt, taking out the flare attachment. She fastened it to the muzzle and then aimed for the ground quite a ways in front of the entryway. With the light, she could see a short pillar. Closing one eye, she fired the flare round and the shell embedded on the post, illuminating the area around it. Besides the hiss of the bullet, she didn't hear any movement, so she detached the fitting and went forward.

As she entered, a cluster of whispers rang out, making her look in every possible bearing, her heart racing. The room then lit up with the torches flickering to life one by one on several posts. It revealed a chamber in the shape of a sizeable dome that had a bigger circumference than a hockey rink. Circular steps descended into the arena and descended into a small pit that had a pedestal with a single object that was hard to make out from her position. She looked up to see a hatch of some sort. It was closed and was about a hundred feet from the floor. "*Draas,*" it said. For once, she recognized what that meant. It was the Aleut word for "Hello." Her time with them had been ephemeral, but she had picked up a few phrases. She stamped out the flare with her boot and turned off the light, still keeping the gun drawn. She couldn't see the item on the plinth but knew what it had to be. She recalled the rest of the delineation the elder gave. After this sanctum was completed, Akna was true to her word, making them flourish with health and sustenance. Having said that, the clout Amaruq gained made him realize the villagers would follow anything he said, as long as they thought it came from the supreme being.

"*He tasted the sweet flavor of power and wanted more,*" he uttered, foreboding. The shaman told them they needed to start procreating. It was sensible, on account of their population decreasing from the migration. The village had lost seventy-five percent of its inhabitants and an added five from the deaths suffered from the weather phenomenon. Even though this was beneficial, it was an underhanded scheme from a wicked source. Amaruq wasn't aware, but he was possessed by a "tuurngaq"; a killing spirit. At a later point, it was learned this particular one was Anguta, the gatherer of the dead, who would ferry them to the underworld. Lara placed a foot on the first

step, immediately activating an antiquated system. The assembly room then rumbled, making six lines appear on the ceiling hatch, receding to the carved circle. She could see the grey clouds above, the snowflakes dissolving as soon it touched the opening. The humidity was sweltering, making her roll up her the sleeves. "*Awal...*" the whisper spoke. She was irked, coming back with, "This might be a little racist, but just to let you know, I don't speak Aleut! Any chance for some English?" There wasn't an answer, making her frustrated. She was confused about whether to proceed or not.

So far, this wasn't the usual makings of a trap. She wouldn't have got this far if they didn't want her to take the precious amulet on the podium. "*Everything fell apart one fateful evening. As your people say... 'literally'.*" the somewhat wise male stated. The first string of pregnancies all ended in stillbirths or as late miscarriages. There were some that survived, but it was a rare happening. The head shaman declared their "faith" wasn't strong enough, demanding more offerings to the church and for all the women to be impregnated. Eventually, his subordinates caught on to the nefarious plan, overhearing him communing with the evil god. They were too late, though. The real Akna had come and struck them down with an incurable sickness that killed them with a very strange method. Their bodies would meld with the nearest person and the resulting process took their lives in a horrifying manner. This became known as the "curse of Akna". On the night it occurred, Amaruq stopped it by sacrificing himself and collapsed a portion of the right-wing of this building, preventing the hex from spreading. Lara gingerly went down into the deep pit, perspiring more with every step. When she got halfway to the treasure, the whispering chattered, one ghost saying, "*Adatxan.*"

She had no idea what it meant but felt compelled to get closer. An additional, undisclosed facet was where this talisman came from. It was found clutched in Amaruq's hand and his corpse was left in that part of the temple. The men abandoned the idea of burying their bodies, in fear of the malison. They destroyed the site of the catastrophe and put the ornament in its present-day spot. She stepped closer, the features of it becoming clearer with the light coming from the roof and the firebrands. It was made from the bone of a whale and fashioned in the shape of testicles that had a hexagon above it. Set in the six-sided slot was a blue-gray jewel crafted from zinc deposits in the nearby aforementioned quarry. The trinket wasn't pretty to look at, but it could sell for a hefty price. Lara had run out of funds from the time in Paititi and was on her last dollar from the trek to here. She finally reached the periapt. The energy emanating from it was red hot and when Croft got close, the warmth dispelled. There was a voice, but this one was coming from her mind. It urged her to put the necklace on, and she did, enjoying the comfort it brought. This was

short-lived as she felt a sharp pain in her pelvis. "*You're a fool.*" a womanly existence said, as though it was right next to her ear.

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In Noatak, the nearest Inuit village, which was about seventy-five miles away, there was a group of Eskimo women walking to the Friends Church. They were chatting away when the doors opened, showing a woman about sixty years of age cusping a belly that looked full-term with one baby. "It's...happening!" the senior cried, falling to her knees. The youngest of the grouping rushed to her side, feeling great hotness coming from her. The young girl was named Elisapie, which stood for "my God is an oath". The older person was Nukilik and was interpreted as "one who is strong". At the moment, the younger of them had never seen the grandmother scared, not once in her twenty years on this land of snow. "Kukaq! What do you speak of? Why are you...getting so *big?*" Eli asked, frantic, holding her trembling hand. "My igluq, it's the...*nooo!!*" Nuk answered, looking at her grandchild with concerned fright. The lass's stomach was swelling at a rapid rate, twice as big as her grandparent. Her orange sweatshirt was strained tight around it, begging to break free of the fabric prison. She was speechless, backing away until she was resting against the railing of the steps. The rest of the females arrived, screaming utterings in their native tongue. Nukilik finished what she was about to say, "...curse of Akna."

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Lara, to say the minimum, felt her whole being swimming, something slowly infecting itself into her body. She steadied onto the platform, the left gloved hand grabbing it while the other dropped the semi-automatic, falling to the dirt below. The pendant was glowing a bluish-red luminescence and before she gathered to strength to take it off, the feminine, heavily Aleut-accented voice said, "*You should have never come here. Now you have released the "gift" to my people. It was supposed to be one of them. Not one of the whites.*" Croft was feeling less bad about her earlier comment and was also still sane enough to figure out who this must be. She didn't want to believe it but this wasn't her first encounter with mystical forces. The intelligent archaeologian queried with, "Y-You're...Akna, aren't you?" The silence had her in suspense, but the scoff that came afterward confirmed it. "*It's immaterial, you English woman. This is why we never gave them the means to make alcohol. One drunk has to ruin my blessing. I can see your memories.*" Akna came back with. This wasn't the time to feel insulted. Right now, it was like the left side of her anatomy was gradually slipping from her control. "I'm sorry for trespassing in your sacred place. F-forgive me," she said, something throbbing on her face.

"*Your apologies mean nothing to me. It's too late. I would be concerned about your well-being, child. Take a look.*" she warned. The aching in her head made her take off the rucksack and used her right fingers to take out a compact mirror. Her mouth was ajar as she watched half of her face darken to the exact pigment of an Inuit. The color bled across her facial features, the tuft of her hazel hair that was hanging in front of her eye began to change into a shade of pitch-black. She moved the reflector up and angled it down to see the left side of her mane was changing to the tint. The surprises kept rolling in, her left leg suddenly moving on its own and sliding out, as if to ground her. Her left arm buzzed with movement, hand curling into a fist and swiftly punching her in the gut. Lara groaned with agony, hearing Akna say, "*Ah! It appears that hurts me as much as it does you. I'm the one who should be apologizing now. I have been trapped here for many centuries. The anger had to come out somehow.*" Croft was becoming increasingly confused and troubled, pondering if this was what a stroke felt like. Nonetheless, she surmised this was anything but that. She huffed out a pained plea, verbalizing, "P-Please. What's happening to me?"

She looked at the reflecting surface, noticing the dyed locks were growing longer, extending past her supple chest. "*You know it as the "curse" they spoke of, but it's not that simple. This amulet you're wearing was never meant to have this effect. I had to punish Amaruq and his followers. They would have killed everyone. I couldn't stand there and let Anguta soil my name.*" Akna explained. She was about to tell her to continue, at the same time, the changes in her physiology were far from over. "*I created this relic from the sacrifice of their souls. Amaruq agreed once he realized he was tricked into doing the dark god's bidding. It was the only way to repent. Although, it...looks...like...*" the celestial resumed, cut off for unknown reasons. Lara didn't know why, but she certainly could feel it. The suffering was so intense, she couldn't speak a single word. The entire portion of her head that was altering was now painfully separating, forming into another head. When it was over, she had two heads, sharing the same clavicle, but with each having necks of their own. It was clear to see that the other one was Akna herself. The horrified Croft could see most of her dark, beautiful face next to her, the divine being finishing with, "...we have become one."

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The town of Point Lay sits on the shore of the Chukchi Sea, halfway to Utqiagvik. The Inuit name for the place is Kali and means "mound". At the present time, Arnaaluk was living up to her namesake. The meaning of her moniker was "big woman". As she laid in the middle of Ugruk Avenue, the middle-aged maiden was awestruck by the enormous dome of her pregnant belly. The mostly clothless lassie

knew this because she could see numerous bumps of the countless fetuses inside the taut uterus that was five feet high in the air. The kicks were incredibly strong, feeling like those of an adult-sized lifeform. She couldn't see anything in front of the equally wide flesh but could perceive a cry for help coming from her right. Her neighbor was stuck in the front entrance, the ridiculously blown up hips preventing her from leaving. Arna's ears then heard a thud, angling her vision to the neighbor's eighteen-year-old daughter toppled over by mammaries that were bigger than her upper body. A scream then made her turn to the left to see her best friend, who had tried come over to help, was staring at her backside, looking at an ass that could easily break a chair. "What's going on?!" Arnaaluk woefully quizzed. The companion replied, "It's happening everywhere! Every woman in the Borough is becoming pregnant!"

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She was stiff, violated in every sense of the word. Lara had a sensation of the feverishness returning, making her skin extraordinarily clammy. "I-I-I just wanted to make a quick buck! I didn't ask for this! Make it stop!!" she begged. The second head sighed, waving her head side to side, her sable-colored hair brushing against their middle part where their necks met. "As I was saying, Amaruq and his men's lifeforce was used to make this amulet. They are still in there. Those whispers you heard? It was them trying to draw you here. They were sacrificed, but that doesn't mean they went willingly. The shaman lured them into that sealed place you saw. Anguta played one last card and forced him to kill them one by one. I intervened with a minor earthquake. It was a sinful action, but I couldn't let him take another life. ...That's why I made this. To balance the death by giving what they needed in the first place." Akna detailed. Trying to keep her mind off the bizarre transformation, she intently listened for a reason for the current predicament. It wasn't entirely outlined, but she had a good idea. Coupled with the other statements, she could figure out this totem was meant to be worn by a female member of these indigenous people. Logical thinking took over and told her it was presently "backfiring".

As expected, the transfiguration was just beginning. To find some kind of relief, she stripped off her sweat-soaked clothes, leaving the relieved lady solely with her bra and panties. Lara was about to further question the Arctic god, nevertheless, the complicated execration had to play itself out. It started in the pelvis, widening without caution, the cloth of her underwear digging into her sides. It had doubled in milliseconds, giving her a thick posterior she had only dreamed of having. She had no time to evaluate this as a tingle from the bust made her look down. They quickly swelled from B cups to an overly generous DDDs and at the same pace, except it didn't stop

there. The mammas were making the elastic brassiere test its limits, more breast than the material at this point. Croft emulated the effigy outside, a sexual image of fecundity, with one exception, Akna saying, "Oh my young one, you spoke too soon." Croft felt her vertebrate rattle as she was made taller than the mention representation, becoming six and a half feet tall. Then came the part she was anticipating, a considerable deal of pressure in her flat midriff. The stomach then enlarged in robust spurts, initially sprouting to the shape of an overdue gestation, a solid fifty-inch mound of godliness.

The belly was vibrating, preparing for one more growth spurt, and Lara was finding herself lusting at the sight of it. In her fact-finding, she discovered her kink for pregnancy. The aforesaid drawings awoke her to it when she was alone in the room of the Top of the World hotel. She couldn't describe what made it so alluring, but as she stared at her new framework, it was plain to see. Despite the fact that this wasn't intended for her, she was relishing her distended belly anyways. She was so fascinated by it, she didn't take note of her "passenger" also rubbing the firm sphere till their hands met on the apex of it. She removed hers, a little embarrassed. "This is not the way I wanted this to happen, but I must thank you, Lara. With this, you'll bring forth a glorious revival of the Inuk! Firstly, we need...*more*." Akna came out with. Croft objected, saying, "Isn't this sufficient? At least for now? I know there aren't many left, but isn't it best to take it slow?" She got her response with a sudden surge of the belly, enlarging to an obscene magnitude. It was jutting out three feet from her torso and showed no signs of stopping. As she began to tip over, her height shot up again, making her over seven feet and overcome with uncontrolled pleasure.

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Elsewhere, close to the city limits of Utqiagvik and near the Footprint Lake sits a solitary domicile. The alcoholic Lara spoke to was outside his two-story home, recovering from the previous night's bender. It wasn't his first rodeo, but he had gone overboard with the expensive booze she acquired for him. He was gathering himself, about to venture into town and get some much-needed aspirin. He heard a shriek from inside the house, yet ignored it. He had his twenty-one-year-old grand-niece over and figured she was freaking out from the scary movie they were watching. He ran his hand over the pounding temple and stood up, walking to his pickup truck. He opened the car door and was perturbed by a rumbling in the hard soil below him. It was intensifying, shaking the empty beer can on his dashboard. The bewildered man then looked back, seeing that the front side windows were filled with a bronze-like substance. He wouldn't have to guess as the place of residence promptly exploded, sending boards and sections

of walls in every direction. As he recovered, he let out an awed gasp, gazing at the giant-bellied sphere that filled the space. The female's hands, feet, and head were the only appendages sticking out. She wailed with horror as a second tremor happened, this time in her womb.

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Working in reverse, Lara's bosom and then buttocks expanded in that order, being sensible of the mixture of adoration and apprehension she had for this. It was sexy to look at, but she feared the consequences of this unorthodox merger. "Rest easy, my vessel. It's not so bad. There's nothing to be frightened of. You are becoming a literal idol of fertility. I always had to remain in shadows, unseen by mortals and carefully seeping my power into your plane. Now, look at *us.* All will flock and worship this big, luscious belly..." Akna whispered to her. The immortal gentlewoman almost had her convinced, but the rationality knew that couldn't be wholly correct. The shift in Akna's personality must be from her seemingly accomplishing the wish from hundreds of years ago. She had been imprisoned here for that long and this must be her equivalent of getting to eat a decent meal for the first time in a very long while. Speaking of prisoners, she was reminded of the other men that were supposed to be within the gem as well. Hypothetically, shouldn't they be showing up somehow? She shuddered to think that this "Anguta" character could be in there too. Croft interrupted her fondness with, "What about Amaruq and his gang? ...If I'm going to sprout another head, a little warning would be nice."

Akna ceased caressing the belly that was bigger than the ten-foot circumference of the pit they are in, the socle knocked to the ground by the domineering mass. She brought her hand to her chin as if she forgot about it herself. "That is a good question. I stopped sensing their presence shortly after this began. Give me a moment..." she rejoined, closing her eyes. The otherworldly energies, once again, were welling up in the core of her voluptuous body, Lara frantically urging her with, "Anytime soon would be nice!" The issue would have to wait as a series of pulses emitted from their shared form. With the snap of a finger, she instantly bloomed, all attributes bulging at once, the tatters of her clothes falling uselessly to the rock flooring. Hips widened, butt rounded out, spine lengthened, tits inflated, and most importantly, her belly was beginning to take up an alarming amount of room. When she fretted over getting stuck in here, the plafond gave some reprieve, opening up above her. Slivers of light shone through as the cupola spread out, six sections unfolding and showing the departing clouds. The blue sky could be seen through a ring of a swirling storm. Croft was no longer mildly dismayed, nor questioning what would transpire next, muttering, "...Fuck."

The following second affirmed this, her already exceedingly massive build quivering with the godly vibrancy. Lara looked out of the corner of her eye to see Akna looking like a madwoman, a grin from ear to ear, eyes dilated with unhinged excitement. This was the juncture where she knew that asking her to stop this wasn't going to occur. She thought that even if she wanted to, it was beyond her regulation. The succeeding phase of this making of a gravid demigoddess commenced. Both of the ladies' eyes rolled into the back of their heads as they gained many feet in the belly with every intake of panicking breaths. As they surpassed the fifty-foot line of the top of the auditorium, they could make out that the gargantuan paunch was stretching out the most, overtaking the perimeter of the left-wing of the complex, getting very close to the center spire. The magnification ceased before the overwhelming stomach could touch it, making the women pant from the wealth of ecstatic hormones coursing in their bloodstream. Croft opened her eyes, looking left to light, and seeing nothing but the forty-foot wide shelf of her monstrous belly. Boobs the size of minivans colossally rested on it, pulsating with gallons of milk. The blizzard then dissipated, the vitality of this transmutation causing the elements to bend to it.

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An array of screams could be heard throughout Utqiagvik, all of the males powerless to help the women of varying gestations. A sea of pregnant bellies could be seen, along with others who weren't expecting, just experiencing abnormal burgeoning in different parts of their bodies. Due to them being located in random parts of the municipality, there was complete chaos from the destruction of their magically grown protuberances. The elders were dumbstruck, knowing this wasn't the curse described in the legend that was passed down over a high number of generations. This was something else altogether. One of the midwives wasn't bothered by that, helping the biggest of them, who was going through a quickening of contractions. The midwife was in her late fifties and was the calmest person in Alaska at the time. Her name was Jissika and although it was the Inuit form of the American name Jessica, she was only half Esquimau. By some means, probably because of her heritage, she was unaffected by the infectious, instantaneous pregnancy. This allowed her to assist with the birthing this poor young adult was going through. "Easy, honey! Breathe in through your nose and out through your mouth!" Jiss shouted.

Jiss had to raise her voice due to the fact she was wailing so loud and the woman's huge belly was blocking the view of her. "C-Curse you, Akna!! What did we do to deserve...*AGGGHHHH!!!*" the parturient gal screeched. Jissika's focused demeanor was brought to a halt by the

disturbing scene before her. She was leaning back on her hands, slowly scooting away from the "thing" emerging from her greatly stretched snatch. It was the head of an adult male steadily fighting his way out. His bloody hands became visible on either side of his stern face, the man using them to push apart the overtaxed labia, making the filly pass out from the searing torment of this. The long-haired fellow then did the rest, pulling himself out of the stressed cervix. The residents stood in unsettled stillness as the fluid-covered ancestor got up, revealing himself to be Amaruq. Of course, they didn't know this, so they gawked with unfamiliarity. He looked around, slightly stumped by modern technology and the people that surrounded him. The birthed predecessor then looked at his hands, not believing he was brought back from what seemed like an eternity of lingering in hell. Amaruq pointed to the location of the temple and said, "Tusakuqing." In English, it meant, "*I look forward and believe.*"

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The developments kept coming in, the artifact hunter watching as her titties were bursting with lactation. For a fleeting minute, she enjoyed the cold liquid that flowed from the sore footlong nipples, splashing on her flush skin, giving some temporary consolation. "I told you, mortal. It's not as cumbersome as is it looks, right? You are doing a service for the dwindling numbers of the Inuit. Last time I counted, it was short of one hundred and fifty thousand. Yes, for the most part, they did this to themselves, but I've witnessed the atrocities that have been committed to them. Including what Anguta did to them, they deserve to have some reparation." Akna recounted. Lara partially wanted to agree, but whatever "this" was, it didn't feel like anything virtuous. It was conjecture, but she figured this was supposed to be a much smoother process. Be that is it may, she desired to resolve this incongruous circumstance. To start, it might be beneficial to get away from here. She decided not to seek advice from the demiurge of nonconsensual gravidity. Her opening movement was trying to operate her legs of considerable length. She had failed to remember a bisection of her physique was controlled by the physical invader and unhesitatingly regretted it.

She had tried to sidestep, but since Akna was locked in place, it caused an awkward reaction, making her wobble. In addition, she wasn't adjusted to her blown-up dimensions and it leads to her falling backward. "Oh, nooo!!" they said in unison. Her prolific rear and stocky legs crushed the property of concretion below, making the peak shudder with the violent clash of flesh. Lara was dizzy, disconcerted she had effectively made things worse. The arm Akna was in command of gently grabbed her head, turning it to her, saying, "I know it's hard to accept, but this is your fate. I've seen the journey you

took to get here. I've also seen something else. It's the answer to your last question. Amaruq and his adjutants have come back to this world...through the other women who have been affected by you unleashing my final endowment. Our people can now exponentially flourish! Every soul that has been lost from tragedy will come back. All of those from the past seven hundred years will get a second chance! So...rejoice and let it happen..." Croft was at a loss for words, quietly sobbing as Akna's lips touched hers. The last flicker of hope fizzled out as the mountaintop trembled from an incoming and pronounced expansion.

Every cell in her expanse was jolting with electric faculty, beating with a determination to grow larger. The pulses that usually preceded the ballooning was substituted by one, ominous boom that triggered an avalanche of epic proportions. Hundreds of feet of the belly were blooming, tearing through the rest of the intact temple, and before long, the olden construction was ground into pebbles as the multitude of meaty limbs grew. A torrent of snow and rock tumbled down the elevation as Lara's pregnant body overcame the natural wonder itself. The citizens of the faraway cities watched as she became higher than the tallest of the range, the belly over nine-thousand feet tall. The enlargement slowed to a crawl, the women's dazed heads resting on the base of the closest alp. The high temperature from their gigantic makeup was melting the permafrost, escalating as they felt a succession of labor pains came. This awoke Croft from her stupor, protesting with, "Not now! It's too much! I don't want to be a mother of these damned souls! Akna...if you have a shred of sanity left, you would know this isn't right. You have got to stop this. Some things need to stay the way they are." She wished with all her might this would sway her, having personally observed ancient cultures try to make themselves relevant, and in all the wrong ways.

Akna repeated the same move from before, grasping her profusely sweating face and giving her a soft kiss, replying with, "Shhh, don't fight it, Lara Croft. In time, you will see this was necessary. In our big belly is hundreds of thousands of those who were needlessly slaughtered to fulfill a selfish agenda. ...Myself included. Now, lay back and let me guide you. We'll be doing this for a *very* long time..." Lara's will broke, becoming a shell of her former self. She obeyed her instructions, using the breathing techniques and pushing the grown persons out of her pussy one by one. These newly revived men and women mindlessly walked to their former dwellings, guided by the faded recallings of their centuries-old lives. As for the tomb raider, she endlessly delivered in this frozen wilderness.